

THE RESTLESS SEX

A Romantic Film Drama With MARION DAVIES.

By Robert W. Chambers.

Watch for This Story in Motion Pictures.

"The Restless Sex," soon to be seen in all leading motion picture theaters, is a Cosmopolitan Production, released in a Paramount-Artcraft picture.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

She nestled close to him as they went out to dinner, all three very gay and loquacious, and the two men keenly conscious of the girl's rapid development, of the serious change in her, the scarcely suppressed exuberance, the sparkling and splendid bodily vitality.

As they entered the dining-room: "Oh, Meacham, I'm glad to see you," she cried, impulsively, taking the little withered man's hands into both of hers.

There was no reply, only in the burnt-out eyes a sudden mist—the first since his mistress had passed away.

"Do you mind if I run down a moment to see Lizzie and Janet and Amanda? Dear, I'll be right back." She was gone, light-footed, eager, down the service stairs, a child again in the twinkling of an eye. The two men, vaguely smiling, remained standing.

When she returned, Meacham seated her. She picked up the blossom beside her plate, and the other at the unoccupied place opposite, and her eyes suddenly filled. There was a moment's silence, then she kissed the petals and placed the flower in her hair.

"My idea," she began, cheerfully, "is to waste no time in life! So I think I'd like to go to the theater all the time."

The men's laughter checked her and she joined in.

"You do understand, both of you?" she insisted. "You're tormenting me and you know it! I don't go to the theater to amuse myself. I go to inform myself—to learn, study, improve myself in the art of self-expression—Jim, you are a beast to grin at me!"

"Steve, for heaven's sake, be a human girl for a few moments and have a good time!"

"That's my way of having a good time. I wish to go to studios and see painters and sculptors at work. I wish to go to plays and concerts."

"How about seeing a real author at work, Steve?"

"You," she divined with a dainty sniff.

"Certainly. Come up any morning and watch genius work a lead-pencil. That ought to educate you and leave an evening or two for dancing."

"Jim, I positively do not care for parties. I don't even desire to waste one minute of my life. Ordinary people bore me, I tell you."

"Do I?"

"Sometimes," she retorted, with delighted malice. And turning swiftly to Cleland Senior: "As for you, darling, I could spend every minute of my whole existence with you and not be bored for one second."

The claret in John Cleland's glass—claret forbidden under Dr. Wilmer's regime—glowed like a ruby. But he could not permit Miss Davies to return without that old-fashioned formality.

So John Cleland rose, glass in hand, his hair and mustache very white against the ruddy skin.

"I don't deny you, Jim, have never brought me anything, but happiness—anything but honor to my name and to my roof. We welcome you home, dear, to your own place among your sisters and me."

"I have the honor—our little Stephanie! Welcome home!"

The young fellow rose, smiling, and bowed again to Stephanie.

"Welcome home," he said, "the dearest of sisters and most engaging instructor of your restless sex!"

That night Stephanie seemed possessed of a gay demon of demonstrative mischief. She conversed with her father and uncle, and her authority that at first he did not realize that he was an object of sarcasm and delighted malice.

When he did comprehend that she was secretly laughing at him, he turned so red with anger and indignation that his father and Stephanie gave way to helpless laughter.

Seated there on the sofa across the room, tense, smiling, triumphantly and delightfully mischievous, she blew an air kiss at Jim.

"That will teach you to poke fun at me," she said. "You're no longer an object of fear and veneration just because you're writing a book!"

"I am easy," he admitted. "All authors are without honor in their own families. But wouldn't it surprise you, Steve, if the world took my book respectfully?"

"That's one of the reasons I don't. The opinion of ordinary people does not concern me," she said with gay impudence. "And if your book is a best-seller it ought to worry you."

"You don't think," he demanded slyly, "that there's anything in me?"

"Oh, Jim!"—swiftly remorseful—"I was joking, of course. And, smiling by his belt, very businesslike, he turned up her nose, regretting too late her hasty and worm-hearted remorse.

"How common, this fishing for praise and sympathy!—Dad, does he read his immortal lines to you at inopportune moments?"

Cleland Senior, in his arm-chair, white-haired, and, very businesslike, he turned up her nose, regretting too late her hasty and worm-hearted remorse.

Magazine Page

For Washingtonians

What Chance Has Mere Traffic?

Drawn by C. D. BATCHELOR



The Kingdom of the Baby

By Loretto C. Lynch.

An Acknowledged Expert On All Matters Pertaining to Domestic Management.

I VISITED the nursery of one of America's wealthiest babies recently. The baby was just all smiles and good nature, although the day was warm enough to melt several collars. He was playing with building blocks on the floor and seemed to enjoy it.

The room was decidedly unfurnished. A very heavy linoleum covered the floor. There was an electric fan set high on a shelf. Besides humming a tune baby enjoyed, it helped keep the air in motion. There was a large closet which held the toys and the tiny chair and table baby used at meal times. The windows were screened. And baby himself had on practically nothing but a simple romper. Not a bit of food was he allowed except those few things besides milk which any mother may learn about first hand at the local board of health. And he was healthy and happy and sweet tempered.

I could not help but compare this baby's kingdom with several others I have been observing. There is the case of Baby Bob. His mother is a poor young woman. She spends a great deal of time ironing and mending. His father is a man who has been a matter of course until now.

"Come," she said, gaily, "be a good child and read the pretty story to little sister."

She lay down on the edge of his bed; he, already seated at his desk, frowned at the pile of manuscript before him.

"I'd rather talk," he said.

"About what?"

"Anything." Honestly, Steve, I'll let you see it when it's typed. But I rather hate to show anything until it's done—I don't like to have people see the raw edges and the machine work."

"I'm not 'people.' How horrid. Also, it makes a difference when a life is not only your sister but also somebody who intends to devote her life to artistic self-expression. You can read your story to that kind of girl, I should hope!"

"Haven't you given that up?"

"Given up what?"

"That mania for self-expression, as you call it."

"Of course not."

"What do you think you want to do?" he asked uneasily.

"Jim, you are entirely too patronizing. I don't 'think' I want to do anything; but I know I desire to find some medium for self-expression and embrace it as a profession."

"That rather crushed him for a moment. Then:

"There'll be time enough to start that question when you graduate."

"It is not a question I intend to express myself. I intend to express myself as well as reconcile myself to that idea."

"Suppose you haven't anything worth expressing?"

"Are you teasing?" She flushed.

"Oh, yes, I suppose I am teasing you. But, Steve, neither father nor I want to see you enter any unconventional profession. It's no good saying that. I want to see you do it by a talent that amounts to genius. If you have that, it ought to show by the time you graduate."

(To Be Continued Monday.)

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The Rhyming Optimist

By Aline Michaelis.

MEN of science have discovered new disasters for our race, they are zealous, so they tell us eating is our prime disgrace.

They are men of wondrous learning, earnest men and eloquent; they grow fearful, being fearful of our appetites' extent. So they paint a vivid picture of the awful foods we eat, cakes and custards, meat and mustard, things too sour and things too sweet. And they speak of groaning tables, laden down with roasted pig; turkeys, fishes, fussed-up dishes, far too rich and far too big. Say, I long to tell these chap-kins who deplore our ample food, groaning tables are but fables till the food-sharks be subdued. And they need not ever worry over turkeys—my plate, should they show one, I'd not know one, having met none—since 'nought-eight. Doubtless scientific fellows mean well with their wise advice, but I wonder how in thunder they suppose we'd raise the price? It is twice as sure as shooting cats are hard on many guys; 'tis no question of digestion or eliminating pills. There's no trouble over menus filled with cake and caviar; just at present, quail and pheasant are not on our bill of fare. Eating worries us, however, yea it keeps us very sore; always fretting over getting bread enough for one day more; speaking sweetly to the grocer when we go to buy some beans. Yea, through dread it, asking credit, for no coin is in our jeans. Men of science have discovered food makes trouble, without doubt. That is clever, but they never tell us how to do without.

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